

1875

Dance

Adds

291

2

Lydia Heaton

May 7th

1770

THE
Careful Parent's Gift.
BEING AN
Easter OFFERING
(Tho' suiting all Times and Seasons)
FOR LITTLE

MASTERS and MISSES.

Beautifully adorn'd with many pleasant
Stories and Pictures.

Together with
Instructive Amusements, Proverbs, &c. &c.
calculated to improve and intice Children
with Delight to read and understand.

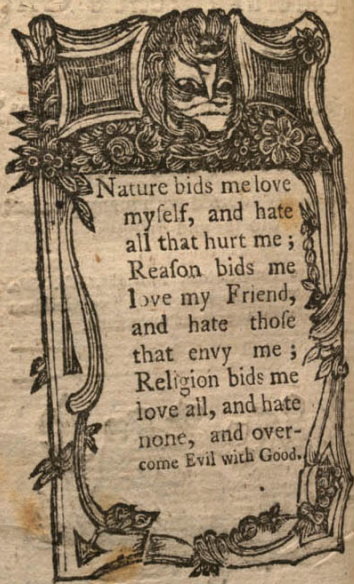
PART the FIRST.



Printed in the YEAR 1769.

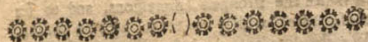


Dance Adds. 291



Nature bids me love
myself, and hate
all that hurt me;
Reason bids me
love my Friend,
and hate those
that envy me;
Religion bids me
love all, and hate
none, and over-
come Evil with Good.

(3)



T O T H E
TENDER PARENTS
O F M Y
Little Benefactors.

THE Influence that Stories of the best Kind as the following have had upon my own Children, is a great Inducement to me to make these publick. I have been many Years a Mother, and have always found that such little Incidents as, work upon the tender Minds of those dear little Creatures have a most happy Effect, while Affection, Compassion and Joy, struggling for Utterance, improve deeply every Sentiment of Humanity, enlarge the Soul, accustom it betimes to Reflection and give Reason a more early Dawn.

“The Care of Education ought to be had with the most early Infancy; that is the Time

to make the strongest Impressions, and to fix those Ideas which ought to become lasting. We should adapt our Instructions, to their understandings, and by mimicking their childish Prattle, convey in their own Language, those amiable Ideas of the several Virtues, which are most likely to charm and attract their Minds."*

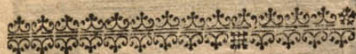
Upon this Plan this little Volume is form'd, and I have endeavour'd to raise no Affection that will not equally delight and improve. I shall only add, that those Parents that neglect an Opportunity of raising generous Sentiments in the Breasts of their Children, deny themselves one of the greatest and most high-raised Satisfaction that can arise from their parental Affection.

I am, with great Tendernefs for the little Gentlemen and Ladies, my Readers,

Yours, &c.

MARY HOMERED.

* *Memoirs of the Countess de Baresol Vol. I. p. 138.*



A N

Easter OFFERING
FOR

Little Masters and Misses.

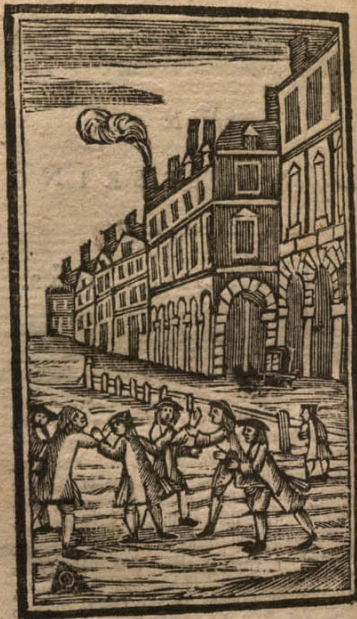
S T O R Y I.

The Good BOY.

MASTER Joe Norris was a very good Boy, and his Pappa and Mamma lov'd him dearly; all the Folks that liv'd near him were fond of him, and as he was of a sweet Temper and loved his Book, they would have him play with their Children, because they thought he would make them like himself. There was a naughty Boy that liv'd next Door; he was cruel, surley, and ill-natur'd, his wicked companions taught him to love to

A 3

run



(7)

run Pins thro' the Bodies of Flies, to pull off their Wings, and to hurt those Children that were less than himself, and to make a Jest of the Poor and Miserable. One Day he was whipt for telling a Lie. His Mamma told him, that Lying was beneath a little Gentleman, and was so mean a Sin, that none but Thieves should be thought bad enough to be guilty of it. She then told him that Master Joe was a better Child than he, and if he did not grow better, she should be ashamed of him; he would make her Heart ach, and she would not love him. The naughty Boy, vexed to find himself outdone by a Child younger and not so tall as himself, resolved to fight him; but the first Time he had an Opportunity, going to take him by the Hair, the good Boy's Companions, who all loved him, stepped in between them, they all took his part, told his Mistrels and Mamma, and he was sent hungry and supperless to Bed, and had been whipt again too, if Master Joe, who was all Good-nature, had not gone home with him, and begged his Pappa and Mamma to forgive him. This had such an Effect on the poor crying hungry Child, that overcome with Joe's Goodness, he forgot his Anger, he could not help thinking him a better Boy than himself; he began to love him, and charm'd with his Sweetness, soon became like him; they

they both grew fond of each other's Company, and, in a little Time, became the dearest Friends, and they were both lov'd and kiss'd and admir'd, not only by their Pappas and Mammias, but by all the Gentlemen that knew them.

If you be affronted, it is better to pass it by in Silence, or with a Jest, though with some Dishonour, than to endeavour Revenge. If you can keep Reason above Passion, that and Watchfulness will be your best Defendants.

Better to prevent a Quarrel before-hand than to revenge it afterwards.

A vindictive Temper is not only uneasy to others, but to them that have it.

Dislike what deserves it, but never Hate; for that is of the Nature of Malice, which is almost ever to *Persons*, and not to *Things*.

Anger may glance into the Breast of a wise Man, but rests only in the Bosom of Fools.

In all Things Mistakes are excusable; but an Error that proceeds from any good Principle, leaves no room for Repentment.

None more impatiently suffer Injuries, than those that are most forward in doing them.

S T O R Y II

A Good GIRL.

MISS *Nancy Ayres*, was a pretty little Girl, and what was better still, had a tender Mind; she loved every Body, and was easily moved with the Miseries of the unhappy and would have been glad to have had it in her Power to relieve them; she told her Mamma so: My dear Mamma, said she, I can't help being sorry for the poor People I see every Day. I am sure, said she, I should like vastly to make a poor Man glad. Is not there Mamma, a deal of Pleasure, when we see People cry, to make them laugh and smile with Joy? I cannot help being pleased with the Thought of it! The Lady was quite charmed with her Goodness, and fondly taking her up in her Arms, she said, O my dear *Nancy*, how exceeding pretty does this Good-nature make you! You make my Heart glad I am sure. Her Pappa came in, and was as much pleased as her Mamma; he called her his dearest Girl, and told her he should love her the better for being so kind and good, and every Body else would love her better too. They then kissed her, and gave her some Money to do what she pleased with. A little while



while after this dear little Girl was carried to School by her Maid, (for she loved to learn her Book as good Children do) and as they were going along, they met a poor Man, who complain'd that he was hungry; her Maid was frightened, she knew him; he was her Countryman, and had been her Father's Master; but the Maid had no Money in her Pocket; Miss gave him all her's, and ask'd him what Trade he was; the Maid told her he was a Farmer, and made the Corn grow. Ay, said Miss, and do you get the Bread and Pudding out of the Ground for other Folks, and can they be so hard-hearted as to give you nothing to eat? A little while after when the School was done, as the Miss was not at School that used to go home with her, Miss Nancy thought she could go home by herself, but was hardly out of the Door, when she saw a mad Dog running to bite her; she was sadly frightened, and ran away back again as fast as she could; the Dog ran after her, and would certainly have hurt her, if the poor Man, she had before given a Penny to, had not run and knock'd down the Dog, and sav'd her.

True Friends are the whole World to one another; and he that is a Friend to himself, is also a Friend to Mankind, There's no Relish

Relish in the Possession of any Thing without a Partner.

Worthy Minds deny themselves many Advantages, to satisfy a generous Benevolence, which they bear to their Friends in Distress.

The Kindnesses of a Friend lie deep; and whether present, or absent, as Occasion serves, he is solicitous about our Concerns.

A Friendship with a generous Stranger, is commonly more steady than with the nearest Relation.

Liberality is the best Way to gain Affection, for we are assured of their Friendship, to whom we are obliged.

The greater a Man is, the more Need he hath of a Friend, and the more Difficulty there is of finding and knowing him.

A Forwardness to oblige is a great Grace upon a Kindness, and doubles the intrinsic Worth: In these Cases, that which is done with *Pleasure*, is always received so.



STORY III. *The Proud PLAY-FELLOW.*

MISS *Jenny Short* was proud and stubborn, and was sometimes so very naughty as not to do what her Pappa and Mamma bid her, tho' they loved her dearly, and were a great deal older, and so; to be sure, knew that she should do better than herself. She was very often ill-natur'd and dis-obliging, and was so silly as to think that her fine Cloaths made her better than the little good Girls her Playfellows. Her little foolish Heart swell'd when she thought that she had prettier Ribbands, and finer silk Coats and Shoes than a great many other Misses, tho' they could read their Books, and work too a great deal better than she. Miss *Betty Watts* used to play with her almost every Day, but as she had not such fine Silver and Gold Knots as she had, she used to scold at her, and beat her, because she would not always be her Maid.

But alas! when Miss *Jenny* was grown a great Girl, her Pappa and Mamma died, and as she had been so naughty that no Body loved her, she had no Friends to take Care of her;



so that at last, she was glad to be Miss Betty's Maid. And was not that a sad Thing that she should be forced to be that Miss's Maid in earnest, that she had so often beat for not being her's at Play?

Of all all human Actions, Pride seldomest obtains its End; for aiming at Honour and Reputation, it reaps Contempt and Derision.

Covetous Men need Money least, yet most affect it; and Prodigals, who need it most, do least regard it.

That Plenty should produce either Covetousness or Prodigality, is a Perversion of Providence; and yet the Generality of Men are the worse for their Riches.

To live above our Station, shews a proud Heart; and to live under it, discovers a narrow Soul.

There is no Greater Sign of a mean and fordid Spirit, says *Cicer*, than to Deat upon Riches; nor is any Thing more magnificent, than to lay them out freely in Acts of Bounty and Liberality.



STORY IV.

*The good GIRL and the
pretty GIRL.*

A Very little Girl was told by every Body that she was mighty pretty. Her Hair was of a fine light Brown, her Eyes were bright, and her pretty plump Checks had a Freshness that made them often kiss'd and admir'd; but how much better is it to be good than pretty? Her Sister was not so handsome, but she was much better. The pretty Girl was proud of her Beauty, would not bear to be told of her Faults, and was so naughty as not to want to grow wiser. She was handsome, and that she thought was enough; she despised every Body that was not so pretty as herself, and was often so very wicked as to affront those good People that happen'd not to be so frait and well-shap'd as she was, and call'd them bandy Legs, long Nose, Crump, and all such naughty Names, as if the same God that had made her had not made them too. Her Sister
all



all this while learnt her Pock, like a little Woman, she could read before the pretty Miss could tell a Letter; and tho' her Shape was not so genteel, her Behaviour was a great deal more so. But alas! the pretty Creature fell sick of the Small-Pox, and all her Beauty vanish'd. What could she do? She had now nothing at all to beadmired for; she could neither work nor read; she was ignorant, and tho' grown older was as much a Child as ever; she was then despised; for her Ignorance made her be thought a Fool. Her Sister was still admired by every Body for her Learning, and beloved for her Goodness. Thus the smallest Accident will destroy the greatest Beauty, but neither Sickness nor Death can rob the good Girl of her Charms.

Good Counsel is cast away upon the Arrogant, the Self-conceited, or the Stupid; who are either too proud to take it, or too heavy to understand it.

Be not diverted from your Duty by any idle Reflections the silly World may make upon you; for their Censures are not in your Power, and consequently should not be any Part of your Concern.

Rest

Rest satisfied in doing well, and leave others to talk of you what they please.

Pitch upon that Course of Life which is the most excellent; and Custom will render it the most delightful.

In the Morning, think what thou hast to do; and at Night, ask thyself what thou hast done.

Spend the Day well, and thou wilt rejoice at Night.

Do well, and fear neither Man nor Devil. Keep good Company, and the Devil will not dare to make one.



S T O R Y V.

The meanly proud G I R L.

*How fond are those of Rule and Place
Who court it from the Mean and Base;
If these can read, to these I write,
To see their Worth in truest Light.*

GAY.

GOOD Children should keep such Company as will make them wiser and better; for if you play with naughty Boys and Girls, and Men and Women that say naughty Words, you will grow naughty too. A Gentleman and Lady had a pretty Child; as she grew up she was flattered by her Father's Servants, who call'd her all the sweet Names they could think of, and laugh at her behind her Back for believing them. She was with them a little Princess; but with the Masters and Misses of her own Rank she was only Miss Patty Rose. She loved dearly to be flattered, and as she was always fond of being the Head of the Company, she would play with those that were beneath her, she could then shew the Pride of her little Heart, and rule and command as she pleased. But the Freedom of her Equals she could not bear. As she was so fond of being with vulgar People, she learnt their Airs, their Words, and Manners; she call'd Hussy, Slut, Puss, and a great many other naughty vulgar Names. When she grew a great

Girl



Girl, her Mamma took her into the Company of Ladies; but she was so rude and ill mannerly that her Mamma was ashamed of her; and no Lady would see or speak to her; she then returned to her ignorant Company, and as she had no Taste for the genteel Pleasure of Learning her Book, and improving her Mind, she was laughed at, despised, and at last ruined.

When you come into any Company, observe their Humours; suit your own Carriage thereto, by which Insinuation you will make their Conversation more free and open. Let your Discourse be more in Queries and Doubtings than peremptory Assertions or Disputings.

Vile and debauched Expressions are the sure Marks of an abject and groveling Mind, and the filthy overflowings of a vicious Heart.

Resolve to speak and act well in Company, in spite of those that do ill; whose Vice, set against thy Virtue, will render it the more conspicuous and excellent.

Modesty in your Discourse will give a Lustre to Truth, and an Excuse to your Error.

We are not so much to regard who speaks, as what is spoken.

We must speak well, and act well. Brave Actions are the Substance of Life, and good Sayings the Ornament of it.

The Tongue is as a wild Beast, very difficult to be chain'd again, when once let loose.

STORY VI. THE TRIFLER

*Dear William, did'st thou never pop
Thy Head into a Tinman's Shop;
There, William, did'st thou never see
(Tis but by Way of Si-mi-ly)
A Squirrel spend his little Rage
In jumping round a rolling Cage?
The Cage, at either Side turn'd up,
Striking a Ring of Bells a-top?
Mov'd in the Orbs, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish Creature thinks he climbs;
But here of there, turn Woodor Wire,
He never gets two Inches higher.*

A Silly Boy spent all his Time at Play, and placed his highest Happiness in playing best at Taw, Nine Pins, and at trundling the Hoop, and when he beat his Companions, he thought himself the best Man of them all: He grew proud, strutted, and fancied himself a cleverer Fellow than any of his Companions. I can out-do you all, saith he, at Play. And we all, said one of the Boys, can out-do you at our Books; all your Art proves you to be at best but a Child; but our Learning makes us Men. The Boy said right, his Happiness was no greater than the Squirrel's. Pleased with a foolish Vanity, he thought he climbed; he fancied he arose above the rest, when he fell beneath



beneath them, and did not go one Step nearer being a Man. Goodness and Learning only deserve Praise, these make the Boy truly happy and justly admired: these form the Gentleman, adorn his Mind. and procure him Love, Respect, and Honour.

There is but little Need to drive away that Time by foolish Divertisements, which flies away so swiftly of itself, and, when once gone, is never to be recalled.

He is idle that might be better employed. The Idle Man is more perplexed what to do, than the Industrious in doing what he ought.

An idle Boy is a kind of Monster in the Creation: All Nature is busy about him. How wretched is it to hear People complain, that the Day hangs heavy upon them; that they do not know what to do with themselves! How monstrous are such Expressions among Creatures, who can apply themselves to the Duties of Religion and Meditation; to the Reading of useful Books; who may exercise themselves in the pursuit of Virtue and Knowledge, and every Hour of their Lives make themselves wiser and better than they were before!

A wise Man will dispose of Time past, to Observation and Reflection; Time present, to Duty; and Time to come, to Providence.

He that follows his Recreation instead of his Business, shall in a little Time have no Business to follow.

STORY VII.

S T O R Y VII.

The undutiful CHILD.

A Great Boy was so wicked as to forget his Duty to his Father and Mother: They loved him dearly, and employ'd all their Time in striving to make him happy. He was their only Child, on him they placed all their Fondness and all their Hopes. But in Spite of their Care, he kept wicked Company, and grew naughty and disobedient, and filled with Pride, was so foolish as to think himself as wise as his Father. He loved to slide upon the Ice in the Winter, and his Father sometimes indulged him in this Diversion; but one Day he forbid him sliding upon a River that ran near the House, and desired him not to venture, since he thought the Frost not great enough to bear him; but his Father had no sooner left him, than the silly Boy cried, Don't I know as well as my Father when the Ice will bear me? I think there is no Danger, and that is enough; I grow a great Boy, and won't be kept under. At this he went; but had no sooner got to the Middle of the River, than he felt the Ice give way. Oh! cry'd he, that I had been ruled by



my Father! Had I not disobeyed him I might
— He could say no more; he trembling
screamed out, sunk, and was drowned.

Honour thy Father and thy Mother, that
thy Days may be long upon the Land which the
Lord thy God giveth thee. *Exod. xx. 12.*

A wise Son maketh a glad Father; but a
foolish Son despiseth his Mother. *Prov. v. 20.*

He that wasteth his Father, and chafeth away
his Mother, is a Son that causeth Shame, and
bringeth Reproach. *Prov. xix. 26.*

Hearken unto thy Father that begat thee,
and despise not thy Mother when she is old.
Prov. xxiii. 22.

The Eye that mocketh at his Father, and
despiseth to obey his Mother, the Ravens of
the Valley shall pick it out, and the young
Eagles shall eat it.



STORY VIII.

STORY VIII. The lost CHILD.

A Very pretty Boy was one Day sitting at a
Door; he was genteely dress'd, had
a lac'd Hat on, and Silver Buckles in his
Shoes. And as he was just put in Breeches,
he sat there to shew himself, and to hear what
the Neighbours would say to him on his new
Finery. While he was sitting, thinking no
harm, a Woman came to him, and after
admiring his Dress, shew'd him, a Cake, which
she promised to give him, if he would go with
her to see what pretty Things she had got at
Home for him. Pleased at the Sight of the
Cake, and delighted with the Hopes of the
fine Things she promised him, he was going
with her: But just as he was giving her his
Hand, he remember'd his Mamma had told
him, that he must never go with Strangers.
This made him draw it back; but upon her
telling him she would give him a little pretty
Horse to ride on, he ventur'd. She led him
thro' several Streets till he grew weary, and as
it was dark, he then began to be frighted, and
often ask'd if she was not almost at Home;
she told him, yes, and carried him in her
Arms: At last they got into the Fields, when
she



she set him down, and began to pull off his
 Cloaths. He did not know what to think
 but cry'd; Then she call'd him Names, and
 told him, that if he did not hold his Tongue,
 she would whip him till the Blood came. She
 then stripp'd him naked and left him. The
 poor Child now cried ready to break his Heart,
 The Wind blew, and he was very cold; he
 grew hungry, but had no Body to give him any
 Victuals. He cried and sobb'd in vain, for no
 body came to him, it was quite dark, and he
 all alone. At last he fell asleep, and did not
 awake till the Morning, when he was found
 by a poor Countryman, who asked him, how
 he came there naked, what was his Name,
 and where he lived? The poor little Child
 told him as well as he could; when the
 Man pulled off his Great Coat, wrapped him
 up in it, and carried him Home. His Pappa
 and Mamma had been almost wild with Grief;
 they had sent every where they could think of
 to seek for him, and as soon as they saw the
 Man, who opened the Coat as he came into
 the House, they cried out for Joy; received
 the poor Child with open Arms, and said with
 Tears of Joy running down their Cheeks,
 that they did not mind the Loss of his Cloaths,
 since their dear Child was safe. O how much
 should Children love their Pappas and Mamas,
 who



who love them so dearly ; who gives them Cloaths to keep them from the Cold, and every Thing fit for them to eat ; and pay their Masters and Mistresses for the Learning that makes them wise and good.

There is far more Satisfaction in doing than receiving Good. To relieve the Oppressed is the most glorious Act a Man is capable of ; it is in some measure, doing the Business of God and Providence, unknown but to those who are Beneficent and Liberal.

Goodness is Generous and Diffusive ; 'tis Largeness of Mind and Sweetness of Temper ; Modest and sincere, Inoffensive and Obliging ; Where this Quality is Predominant, there is a noble Forwardness for publick Benefit ; an Ardour to relieve the Wants, to remove the Oppressions, and better the Condition of all Mankind.

Whoever moves you to part with a true and try'd Friend, has certainly a Design to make Way for a treacherous Enemy.





STORY IX.

The Advantages of Truth.

EVERY Body that is good is fond of Truth, they hate a Lye, because it is mean and unmanly; and scorn to do any Thing that can make them seek a Lye to save them from Danger. The good Child is secure in his own Innocence, he has nothing to fear; his Pappa and Mamma love him, they look upon him with a tender Eye; he is always beloved; But the Child that is so wicked as to lye, is thought a Lyar, even when he speaks Truth. A Boy once climbed a great Tree for a Bird's Nest; when he was near the Top, he thought he would fright his Brother and Companions, who stood below looking at him. He shook the Boughs, cried out for Help, and said, He was falling. They cried out too, a Man came, took a Ladder that was just by, set it against the Tree, and ran up to help him: The Boy then burst out a laughing, calling them Fools, and afterwards boasted to his Playfellows how much he had frightened them. A few Days after he went up again, to take another Bird's

Nest, his Foot slipt, he cried out as before; he hung by his Hands, his Feet quiver'd in the Air; his Companions thought him in Jest; they laughed, he fell, and was so hurt, that he was forced ever after to go with Crutches.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at Hand, and sits upon our Lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a Lye is troublesome, and sets a Man's Invention upon the Rack, and one Trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Tricks and Treachery are the Practice of Fools, that have not Sense enough to be honest.

Plain Truth must have plain Words; she is innocent, and accounts it no Shame to be seen naked: Whereas the Hypocrite and Double-dealer shelters and hides himself in Ambiguities and Reserves.

A Lyar is a Hector towards God, and a Coward towards Men.

STORY

STORY X.

AS Goodness and Learning make the Child a Man, so Piety makes him an Angel. Master *Tommy Dawes*, not only loved his Book, because it made him better too; for he loved every Body, and could not bear to see a Stranger hurt without feeling what he suffer'd, without pitying him, and wishing he could help him. He loved his Pappa and Mamma, his Brother and Sisters with a dearer Affection: he learnt his Duty to God, thank'd him for his Goodness, and was glad that he had not made him a Horse or a Cow, but had given him Sense enough to know his Duty, and every Day when he said his Prayers, he thanked God for making him a little Man. One Day he went to Church, he minded what the Parson said, and when he came Home, asked his Pappa if God loved him? Yes, my pretty dear, replied his Pappa. Oh! my dear Pappa, said he, I am very glad to hear it; what a charming Thing it is to have God my Friend! then nothing can hurt me; I am sure I will love him as well as ever I can. Thus he every Day grew wiser and better. Every Body was pleas'd with him, he had many Friends, the Poor blessed him,

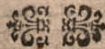
him, and every one strove to make him happy.



They that deny a God, destroy Man's Nobility; for certainly Man is of Kin to the Beast by his Body; and if he be not of Kin to God by his Spirit, he is an ignoble Creature.

The Foundation of all Religion lies in two Things; that there is a God who rules the World, and that the souls of Men are capable of subsisting after Death: *For he that comes unto GOD must believe that he is, and that he is a Rewarder of them that seek him.* So that if these Things be not supposed as most agreeable to human Reason, we cannot imagine upon what Grounds Mankind should embrace any Way of Religion at all.

He that walks only by the Light of Nature, walketh in Darkness.





PROVERBS.

PROVERBI.

Make the God above

The Object of your Love.

IN the first Place, adore that mighty Being that made you. His Greatness calls for your Homage ; and your Dependence upon him requires the grateful Performance. Ask his Pardon at Night for the involuntary Transgressions of the Day, and resolve rather to die, than violate for the future, the least of his



his Commandments. Of all Accomplishments an unaffected Sanctity of Manners is the most valuable and ornamental to human Nature, Moral Virtues themselves are but useless and insipid without it. It is Religion, in short, which opens the Mind to great Ideas, and warms the Soul more than sensual Pleasure. *Pythagoras*, who was one of the most learned, as well as antient Moralists, recommends to all his young Pupils the following *Golden Rule*, as most worthy of their strict and conscientious Observance.

*First, to God thy humble Homage pay,
The greatest this, and first of Larus obey.*



PRO-





PROVERB II.

*A good Beginning makes a good
Ending.*

EVERY Thing has two Handles, and it is a Concern of the last Importance to take hold of the right. Almost every one errs in this Particular, and there is no Character but what is injured by the Mistake. Every individual Thing, in all the Affairs of Life, moves or turns well or ill, as it has been pitched and directed in the Beginning. To miss the first Step in Business, is an Opportunity lost for ever. Though Multitudes charge Providence with the Cause of their Miscarriage, yet there are very few but may place their own Folly at the Foot of the Account, and may ascribe their Ruin to some Mismanagement in

the Entrance of their Affairs: In order therefore, that you may the better accomplish the Ends which you propose, with Honour and Applause,

Weigh well your Strength,
Your Fortune and Design;
Too rash Attempts,
Lest you repent, decline:
Consult some wary,
Some ingenious Friend;
And for Success
On Providence depend.





PROVERB III.

ART *polishes and improves*
NATURE.

THERE is nothing that makes so wide a Distance between Man and Man, nay, between one Nation and another, as human Literature; and as that gains Ground, the Inhabitants are, in Proportion, transformed into new Creatures. If we will but take a cursory View of the Course of Nature, we shall soon discern what a surprising Difference a little Art and Industry will make between two Tracts of Ground of equal Value; the one, if uncultivated, remains wild, and is over-run with Weeds; the other, under the Care of the Skillful Gardener, abounds with a vast Variety both of Fruit and Flowers. And thus it is with the Mind, which ever repays the Pains we take in the Cultivation of it, with the utmost Gratitude



and Profusion. That's the Soil which every one ought to improve to the best Advantage ; a Soil both rich and fertile, capable of the noblest Productions, and alone worthy of its principal Concern.

*Art and assiduous Care must join,
To make the Works of Nature shine.*

F I N I S.



